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Why Margery Became a Deaconess.

(Lucretia A. Gaddis.)

Margery Davis astonished her family one morning at breakfast table by announcing that she desired to leave home for a while, and perhaps permanently. This young woman was not in the habit of doing anything very startling. Indeed, she was quite a proper, steady person, going on in the even tenor of her ways. Early in life Margery had had cherished plans of her own to carry out, but one by one these had to be put off, or given up, as she gradually settled down in the old homestead, and assumed the burdens of the household. These burdens were by no means small ones, for she was the oldest of a large family of children, with an invalid mother, and a father who could never make money fast enough to keep up with his growing family. In fact, the head of this family had more brains than business tact, and was far happier in pursuing some of his pet temperance schemes than he was in making money. He was a good man, beloved by all who knew him, and had brought up his children in the fear of the Lord. He was very active in good works, and the kind of a man his pastor could count on when he needed him, and yet he was by no means a brilliant success as a financier.

As the wants of his family constantly increased, it became necessary that someone should be sacrificed for the good of the rest, and the lot fell on Margery. The boys must be educated, and she gave up her plan of going to college. The younger girls, too, must be fitted to take care of themselves; so Margery dismissed the servant, and took charge of the house work, that her sisters might become proficient in painting and music. The boys called her the 'G. M.,' which meant 'General manager,' because they said she knew how to 'run things.' Everything went smoothly when Margery was steering the family ship, and if for any reason she should leave her place at the helm for a time, they were sure to sail into deep waters. Such was the family verdict, and they had really come to believe that this sister's pleasure in life consisted in ministering to their comforts. Perhaps it did, for Margery was learning the lesson of losing her life for others. She was the true older sister described by Whittier in 'Snow-Bound':

> 'A full, rich nature free to trust;
> Keeping with many a light disguise
> The secret of self-sacrifice.'

But no one knew what all this had cost Margery, for this young woman thirsted for knowledge, and when she was baffled in one way, simply tried another. She found time between her duties as family dressmaker, housekeeper, and general home maker, to take up the Chautauqua literary course, and faithfully to pursue these studies. After this a general reading course in history occupied her spare moments; and thus in a few years she had a fair knowledge of books, as well as of domestic affairs.

But her cares grew lighter as time passed on. When Margery had reached her twenty-eighth birthday, the boys were well settled in business, the girls were earning their own pin-money, and the family struggle with poverty was well-nigh over. It was then that she began to have convictions as to her mission in life. She had long been a faithful Sunday-school teacher, and had deep desires to spend her life for the Master. About this time some articles concerning deaconesses and their work for the poor and outcast fell into her hands, and interested her greatly. While attending an Epworth League convention, she listened to a thrilling address on this subject, by a tall young woman with a sweet face, who wore a black bonnet and white ties. Margery's heart was stirred to its depths, and a great longing took possession of her to enter this work herself. It seemed to her the most Christlike life of which she had ever known. Then followed the greatest struggle of her life. It had been comparatively easy before this to take up the duties lying nearest her. She was perfectly sure it was right for her to sacrifice herself for her family when they needed her, but it was hard to leave them for other fields of labor. Yet she was also sure that they needed her no longer, and she had lived too long for others to enjoy doing anything else now.

The struggle was ended at last, and Margery decided to apply for admittance into a deaconesses' training school, and find out if she had any qualifications for this kind of work. Hence her decision was made known to her family. She rather expected that they would think her very foolish and object to her plan, but she was not prepared for the intense look of reproach with which each member of the household regarded her. Her mother, who had always been Margery's best counsellor, felt grieved that her daughter thought of leaving her. The boys told her they hoped she would not turn

MISS AGNES SLACK. LADY HENRY SOMERSET.
MISS ANNA A. GORDON. MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD. MRS MARY E. SANDERSON.

OFFICERS OF THE WORLD'S WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union meeting in Toronto the third week in October represents the work of white ribboners in about fifty different countries, with an estimated membership, including children, of five hundred thousand. One delegate represents a thousand members but on account of distance not all the countries will be represented. The president of the World's Union is Miss Willard and Miss Anna Gordon is her secretary. Lady Henry Somerset, of England, is the vice-President, and Miss Agnes Slack is the honorary secretary. The treasurer is Mrs. Sanderson, of Danville, Que., the president of the Quebec Provincial Union.

herself into a nun and enter a convent. Her sisters, too, thought she had been better brought up, and her father felt that she was making a mistake, yet he was willing to let her try the experiment. Her younger sister really voiced the sentiment of all when she remarked :—

'Well, Marge, if you must, you must, and I'll help you all I can, but I should think you could find more agreeable work than wearing ugly clothes and going around the slums among dirty people, where you may get some terrible disease and die.'

But Margery considered it an answer to prayer that so little real opposition was put in her way, and that her two oldest brothers offered to pay her way through the training school. Thus it was that she found herself, by the good providence of God, seated in a pleasant school-room, awaiting her first hour's study in the deaconess's school. Then followed wonderful hours of bible study, which she enjoyed with all her heart as teachers taught by the Holy Spirit unfolded to her the truths of Scripture. She loved to call that school-room 'Inspiration room,' for here she learned to study God's word as never before. She also had many other studies, as well as medical lectures and methods of work. All of these were a preparation for the practical work which she loved more and more as the days went by. Her soul grew and expanded marvellously during these months, her sympathies were broadened, and she felt herself better fitted for life's work, whatever it might be.

When the first year of study was finished, Margery found more time for the outside work among her people. Then it was that she fairly revelled in mothers' meetings, kitchen gardens, industrial schools, as well as visiting from door to door for the church to which she was assigned. She took great pleasure in sometimes relieving the nurses in their care of the sick poor, and it was a joy to her to learn how to minister to the suffering. Then she also took her turn in taking care of the barrels and boxes containing supplies that were constantly coming to the deaconess's home. Her heart was touched, and her eyes watered as she read some of the letters that came with these boxes of clothing, vegetables, fruit, etc. From these she learned of the sacrifice some people were making to help support this work, and she would pray for help to do faithfully her part, and to be 'God's deaconess,' as she loved to call herself. There were many precious letters, but such as these impressed her most. A Christian man wrote : 'My dear wife has left me for her heavenly home. I send you all her clothing. You will know how to use it for God's poor.' A bereaved mother said :—'My little darling has been with the angels for many months, and I could not give her things away. I have been reading about your work, and will send them to you for some needy little ones.' A woman wrote: 'These good things to eat are for your own use in the home if you need them, and the warm comforters to give to the sick. I can hardly spare them, but I desire to have a part in your good work.' A father :—'My little daughter is interested in your work, and I will send you ten dollars a year for her.'

Margery thought it was a providence that the clothes of the angel wife just fitted a dear girl who had been separated from her mother for years, and they had just found each other. 'Ah, God took her measure,' said the mother, 'and sent the clothes just in time.' The little baby's beautiful clothing was needed for a little one whose father had been killed, and whose mother was too ill and poor to make any preparation for the coming stranger. When the deaconess nurse carried them to her, the mother began to cry, and said : 'Now I know God has not forgotten me, since he has sent you to me in my great need.'

Margery in time began to like to wear the white ties very much, because her people loved them. The little children from wretched, miserable homes would follow her lovingly about as she went to her work. A little child flew after her in the street one day, and said :—'I know you; there was a lady at our house one day just like you. She wasn't you, but she looks just like you.' This little one evidently felt that there was a connection between the two women who dressed alike, and she could safely call them both 'friend.' Another time, when a reformed man who knew and loved the deaconesses, met her without her deaconess's bonnet on, he said in a grieved tone : 'Please don't wear anything else than your white ties; they mean so much to me.' Margery knew they meant to him the women who had nursed his sick wife back to life, cared for his little ones when he was drinking and neglected them, and had prayed for him until God took hold of him and saved his soul. And later on, they meant the friends who had found him work, stood by him when he was weak, and held on to him until he got a firm hold on God for himself. Indeed, they meant to him all the difference between the old, wretched self and home and his present happy surroundings.

Margery found many interesting people in her work, of whom she was always trying to tell her fellow workers. 'Something new happens to me every day,' she remarked one evening at the tea-table in the bright dining-room of the deaconess's home. 'To-day I have been visiting in the hospitals. My dear little Scotch woman cried for joy when she saw me bringing her some canned fruit. "Just what I have been longing for," she said. "You are so good to remember the likes of me." I took another woman a white lily which some one gave me, and she asked me if there wasn't somewhere a verse in the bible about lilies, and I read for her the text, "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." When I had finished in the ward, I just ran upstairs to Corridor D to have a little talk with our blessed invalid there. She always helps me so much. She had just been praying for my coming, and was rather surprised at the speedy answer to her prayer. She talked of the long nights of pain she was enduring, and we prayed together for strength to bear it all and be brave. A new light was in her face when I left her, and my own heart was refreshed by her simple faith. She told me she believed the heavenly chariot would come for her soon, and then she could walk the golden streets as traight as though she had not been a suffering cripple for the last twenty years.'

Months of blessed work flew by with such wondrous opportunities for service that Margery was sure God had led her into this work. Her family also became interested in the deaconesses. Her visits home proved to them that she was the same sweet, helpful sister as of old, only refined and purified by the sin and suffering with which she had come in contact. They even began to admire the white ties, and her brothers thought she had never looked so well in anything. And, at last, the mother and father declared that they were really proud of Margery, their deaconess daughter.—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Dr. J. R. Samper says :—'I wish our American Christians would spend as much time over their bibles as those followers of the false prophet devote to the study of the Koran.'

The Midnight Prayer.

(By E. R. Herniston, singing evangelist.)

The most powerful prayer I ever heard, was what I term, 'My mother's midnight prayer.' Time was when I felt quite satisfied with myself. I thought that religion was very well adapted for drunkards and other great sinners ; but that so far as I was concerned I could do without Christ. Why should he shed his blood for me ? I am all right, leave me alone ! But God's holy spirit did not leave me alone. Oh ! shall I ever forget that memorable night when my dear mother held me in prayer before the throne of grace. I could stand it to hear a man pray ; but there was something about my mother's voice and utterance that I could not endure long without yielding.

I had just returned from a surprise party and it was two o'clock in the morning. I thought that I would steal up the stairway quietly without disturbing mother. So I took off my shoes in the sitting-room. As I was creeping up the staircase I heard a voice. Who could it be ? Surely no one could be trying to steal into the house ! As I went on to the top I could hear the voice clearly. It came from my mother's room. I had to pass her room in order to reach my own. When I reached the door I saw it partially open, and there my sainted mother knelt in prayer. Her great cry was, 'Save my boy ?' That was the heaviest burden of her heart. I never can forget that night. I passed on to my own room and tried to forget the impressions made on my mind, but all in vain. I tossed on my pillow. No rest ! Oh, God, what does it mean ? Am I such a sinner ? It was all revealed to me. My own sinful heart—sins of commission, sins of omission, sins against my own self—sins against mother, sins against the precious Saviour, open sins, secret sins. All the past stood before me, and I heard the clock strike three ! four ! five ! Morning dawned. I buried my face in the pillow and said, 'Oh God, I surrender. Help ! help !' Jesus came to my soul with pardon for all my sins. Oh, happy day !

After leaving college I started out to tell to all what a dear Saviour I had found. I thought everybody would believe and be converted. But alas ! people were cold and unyielding. It seemed to me that I must do as Jesus bid me, consecrate my all, and tarry until endued with power from on high. It seemed to me that I was as deeply assured of receiving the anointing for service as I was of the pardon of my sins. Thanks be unto God, it came. I was in Bedford, Mich., at the time, having a few meetings, when God seemed to pour out his blessing and his spirit upon the whole community. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'—'Canadian Baptist.'

Hints to Workers.

Live low at the foot of the cross.

Keep dead to all but God's will.

Let perfect love to God and man continually and completely fill your soul.

Spurn envy or jealousy of workers who are in greater favor than yourself.

Never allow satan to use you to try and push down a fallen fellow-worker whom God is lifting up.

Don't imagine that God cannot vindicate his own cause and sufficiently afflict his own children without your lashing them.

Beware, after God has given you success, lest you become proud of it, and, Peter-like, attempt to walk in your own strength.—'The Revivalist.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Little Tag.

(By Hattie Louise Jerome, in 'Wellspring.')

Amy! Amy! Wait for me!' Down the hill came little Emma, her sunny curls flying, and her small determined feet making a quick patter, patter down the brick sidewalk. If an artist could have painted a picture of Emma as she flashed by, catching her breath in quick gasps that brought a bright flush to her cheeks, Amy would have thought it one of the prettiest pictures she ever had seen, but because Emma was her own little, hindering, teasing sister, Amy did not notice the beauty at all.

'Oh, dear!' she cried, stamping her foot with vexation, 'Emma is tagging us. What shall we do?'

'Tell her to go back,' suggested Sadie. Sadie had no little brother or sister of her own. 'I'd just tell her she couldn't come with us.'

''Twouldn't do a bit of good; she'd just coax and tease and cry—the little tag!'

But Sadie thought best to try.

'Go back, Emma,' she said; 'you can't come where we are going, it's too far.'

'But I wan't—show—Amy some—somefin!' gasped Emma, as she ran.

'We can't get rid of her!' scolded Amy; for although both older girls had been walking along, the child was overtaking them.

'Let's skip her!' suggested Sadie. 'Let's go through Johnnie Ellis's yard and down that alley and through Mr. Harthan's store. She can't follow round all those corners, and we can't have a bit good time if we have to have her tagging us all the morning; come on!'

They were very near Johnnie Ellis's gate. Sadie slipped in and Amy followed, although her conscience pricked her when she glanced back and saw the breathless baby and thought of her disappointment.

In Johnnie's back yard there were half a dozen children playing in a great load of fresh white sand.

'Emma'll stop and play in the sand and forget all about us,' Amy told her conscience as she and Sadie slipped through a gap in the fence. But that was just what little Emma did not do, although Johnnie and the others invited her to stay.

'Can't,' she gasped. 'Got to show Amy somefin;' and through the gap in the fence she tumbled, scratching the plump, dimpled hand that held the 'somefin' and bruising her little elbow, but keeping on and on in the direction she supposed Amy had taken. Up one street and down another she trudged, never doubting in her baby mind but that if she kept on walking, no matter in what direction, she would sometime overtake Amy.

An old lady whose path chanced to be the same which Emma's fancy led her, noticed the tired child, and said:—

'I WANT TO SHOW AMY SOMEFIN!'

'Aren't you walking a long ways, dear? Hadn't you better go home, now?'

'No, got to show Amy some—somefin,' replied little Emma in her shy way.

And the old lady, thinking the child must know where she was going, and had, perhaps, been sent to 'show Amy somefin,' turned into her own home and let the child go on. Once she went through a dirty street where there were rude children and idle women all along the sidewalk, and they, seeing her fresh little gown and pretty shoes, knew she must be a little runaway and tried to detain her, hoping to gain a reward by taking her home; but Emma, tired now beyond reason or coaxing, only shrieked and screamed and cried.

'Got to go, got to go show Amy somefin!' until they were glad to let her alone.

Down into the hurried business section of the city she wandered, and a great policeman stopped her to ask, 'See here, little girl, do you know where your mother is?'

'Yes,' nodded Emma, 'back vere;' pointing back the direction which she had come; 'but I got to go show Amy somefin;' and thinking one of the ladies coming must be Emma's mother, the policeman let her go on.

Once a heavy horse almost stepped on the wee girl, and another time the swift electric car was stopped just in time to save her but for the most part she kept out of danger, for had not dear papa and mamma prayed the heavenly Father to guide and guard and protect their darling ever since she was a wee baby?

Finally Emma saw two girls who looked a little like Amy and Sadie, and followed them out of the busines section and among the quiet homes of the city. When she overtook them and found it wasn't her sister, Emma began to cry, but still trudged on until she came to a house that looked like Aunt Myra's, where she had often visited with mamma. She went up to the door, intending to make a call, but when she rang the bell a little dog inside barked so fiercely that she was frightened and ran down the steps into the beautiful garden at the side of the house, and slipped into a little vine-covered arbor there, hid away and cried and cried until she fell fast asleep.

She awoke very hungry, for it was long past noon; so she climbed down off the arbor seat and started to go out of the garden, but she lost her way and came to the kitchen door instead. The cook was standing near the window.

'I want cookie,' said Emma, simply.

'You do?' laughed the cook. 'It's a purty small beggar ye are. There don't be no cookies in this house, but here's a chunk of sponge cake your mother wouldn't moind your eatin';' and she gave the pretty child a generous piece of cake, never doubting but that she was one of the neighbor's children.

'Here's a sup of milk for ye, too,' said the good-hearted cook, pouring out a cupful when she saw how eagerly the baby was devouring the cake. 'Shure childer need a good bit of fillin', that they do. An' where are yer goin' now?' she inquired, as Emma, rested and well fed, started off.

'Got to go show Amy somef'—but the word died away, the 'somefin' was no longer in her hand. Where could it be? Emma searched the kitchen from end to end.

'What was it ye had, darlint?' inquired the cook.

'Picshure to show Amy,' answered Emma, still looking about her.

'A picture, was it? Likely ye dropped it on the path acomin' up,' said the cook. 'Here, let me wash the crumbs off yer face, dear, an' freshen yer hands a bit, an' then we'll go an' look.'

It was a sweet face to wash, and the sunny ringlets would tempt a harder heart than cook's to roll them and brush them over her finger, and when Emma parted with her at the gate she did not look in the least like the little lost child she really was.

'Where is it yer live?' asked the cook.

'Down vere,' replied Emma, sweetly, pointing down the street; and after making her promise to come and see her again, the cook let her go and came slowly back through the garden. At the arbor she went in to pick up a little handkerchief she saw there, and close beside it lay a beautiful little miniature of a child of many years ago.

'Shure an' it must belong to the choild,' said the cook, studying the face. 'It looks a bit loike her, too.' She hurried to the gate, but Emma was out of sight, still trudging on, hoping to find Amy, although the 'somefin' was lost.

Meanwhile Amy and Sadie had spent the morning just as it had pleased them, with no

little loving, hindering sister to trouble or follow them. Amy was half frightened when she came in just before dinner and found that Emma was not at home.

'I supposed she was with you,' said her mother.

'Dear me!' said grandma, 'and I let her take that little miniature of my mother when she was a child, to show you, Amy. Didn't you see that?'

'She said she had something to show me, but I—I didn't wait,' confessed Amy.

'I ought not to have allowed her to take it, I know,' apologized grandma; 'but I never can resist that child's coaxing, and she always takes care of things when she promises to.'

'I'll go and find her,' said Amy, and ran as fast as a strong girl can run to Johnnie Ellis's house, and Sadie's home in the flats and to old Mrs. Newell's room down around the corner, and over to Mr. Harthan's store. When they all said they had not seen Emma's curly little head since early morning, when she had 'somefin to show Amy,' the little elder sister's heart began to beat very fast, and she was obliged to go home, after calling at several other places, and report that little Emma was lost, Amy could scarcely swallow a mouthful of the dinner mamma insisted on her trying to eat, because of the great dry lump in her throat.

After the whole neighborhood had been searched, the policemen were notified, and when late in the afternoon no trace of the child had been found, a notice was put in the evening papers describing the child and the valuable little miniature she had carried in her hand, and offering a reward for information concerning either. And that was the way in which cook, still leaning over the garden gate when the paper boy came past with the family paper, learned who her little visitor of the afternoon was. Locking the house, she started at once with the miniature and handkerchief for the street and number given as the home of the lost child. She took the little dog who had barked in the hall with her, for her mistress was out of town, and had left cook to feed and exercise her doggie and take care of the house.

When cook told her story and presented the little handkerchief, Amy cried as if her heart would break. The 'somefin' had come home, but where, oh, where was 'the little tag?'

Grandma tried to comfort Amy. 'With this clew the baby would surely soon be found,' she said. But Amy felt that she did not deserve any such happiness; she who had deserted her own, loving, winning little sister.

Amy could remember just how Emma looked as she came flying down the hill, her sunny curls blowing, her eyes and lips eager, and her breath coming in quick gasps. Amy could appreciate the beauty of the picture now, and it almost broke her heart.

'Thank you, thank you for being so good to her,' she said brokenly to cook. 'I wish I had!'

'Don't be a-grievin' so, child,' said cook, kindly; 'the good Lord, he knows;' and then she hurried away, because she could not keep her own tears back; and Amy crept away to her own room and prayed so earnestly that she never forgot that hour in all her life, and begged God to forgive all her cruel carelessness, and thought if only Emma was returned to them unharmed, she would be ready to do anything in the world to prove her love and gratitude to the heavenly Father for his care. And then, when she had prayed so earnestly the kind cook's words came back, 'The good Lord, he knows,' and a strangely peaceful trust came into her tired little heart and Amy felt almost joyous, and as if the Father had assured her that he had the little lost one in his keeping.

As cook entered the garden gate again the little doggie ran ahead of her straight to the arbor and stood there barking.

'Oh, dear!' said a frightened voice, and in another moment the little lost child was clasped tight in cook's great, tender bosom; for she had wandered around two or three squares and, at last, coming again to the house where the sponge cake was kept, she had gone in again to pound on the kitchen door. But cook was gone, and even when she tripped around the house and rang the bell once more, the little dog did not bark, for he was gone, too.

Even the speed of the swift electric car seemed slow to cook as it bore her with her precious charge to the anxious home. Then such rejoicing, and such tender loving care as was given the tired child!

'I—I—losted you picshure, gran'ma,' sighed Emma, 'but I go find it termorror, 'cause I got to show it to Amy,' persistently.

'O Emma!' cried Amy, 'this dear kind woman, who has been so good to you, found it and brought it to us; and grandma has given it to me to keep all my life so I will never do anything unkind or selfish again!'

'An' can I tag you termorror?' asked Emma, taking Amy's penitent, tear-stained face between her dimpled hands, while every one else laughed through their tears.

When cook was leaving the house, the chief of police, who had been notified of the lost child's return and had stepped in to congratulate the family, took her aside to say:—

'The reward which was offered will be sent you shortly, if you will leave your name and address with me.'

'Reward, is it?' cried cook, throwing back her head angrily. 'Reward for helpin' a mother foind her choild? Hm-m-m!' And she marched down the steps with such scornful ire in her tone that the little doggie stopped to bark at the big chief before he followed her.

And Amy, kneeling again in the silence of her own room after the tired little sister had been tucked away safe in her own bed, thanked the heavenly Father from the depth of a grateful heart for his protecting care over their little wanderer, and with a new humility asked God to help her to be a more thoughtful little sister.

How Clarence Preached a Sermon.

(By Ida Kays.)

John Benton, city merchant, had not the least prejudice in the world against country boys—why should he have? Had he not himself been reared on a farm, as familiar with rake and plough handles as he now was with yard stick and ledger?

Gerry, too, his junior clerk, had come from the farm two years ago—though no one would have thought it now—and Carl, the brightest of the cash boys, had been a neighbor of Gerry's. Willie King, who drove the delivery cart, had always lived on a farm until his parents' recent removal to the city.

Yes, he rather preferred country boys, but somehow he felt averse to taking his cousin Maidie's son into his employ. He would like to help the mother, his favorite cousin in those days when there had been such merry holiday gatherings at Grandfather Benton's—a sweet and dainty woman, yet bright and full of fun—and now she was a widow and poor.

'Clarence is a good boy,' she had written.

'Of course he's a good boy,' mused Benton, 'a regular Sunday-school chap—not but what that's all right; I used to go to Sunday-school myself, and my Ralph goes now, I suppose he does, his mother sees to all that—but the other boys will run over him and he'll never take his own part. They'll poke fun at him for his womanish notions, but he'll have to hoe his own row; I shan't meddle.' And Benton dismissed the matter, closing his eyes upon the delicate, fair-haired boy who seemed so out of place among the other boys—and why?

They were all good boys in their way. Gerry, whose real name was Gerald, was a gem of a clerk, with good habits as far as Benton knew. To be sure, there was one morning he didn't think him quite clear-headed, and if it had happened again he should have spoken about it; but that was several weeks ago, and it had not happened again. He hoped it wouldn't, for his own boy, Ralph, just in his teens, was a great admirer of Gerry. In fact, he was on intimate terms with all the boys, an intimacy which Mrs. Benton did not approve, but she could not object to Ralph's visiting his father at the store, and did not know that little attention was paid to his whereabouts except at closing time.

In due time Clarence Graham arrived, and the merchant's surprise amounted to almost a shock when he beheld the robust form, round face, dark hair and eyes of Maidie's boy.

'He can take care of number one,' was his mental comment. 'No need to worry about him.' And he didn't worry about him more than to assign his work and take him home for dinner that first day. Perhaps his wife would offer to lodge the boy, but Mrs. Benton was a prudent woman and Clarence only an employee, so an invitation to dine with them occasionally was the extent of her courtesy.

Clarence found a little room near the store and went bravely to work. If he was disappointed and dreadfully homesick at first, no one was the wiser. He soon began to smile and then to laugh—such a hearty, wholesome laugh that it made him friends at once. Brimming over with mischief, fun and frolic, always ready to give or take a joke, he became a general favorite with young and old.

Not a boy tried to run over him or poke fun at him. They could find no fault in him except that he persisted in spending his evenings at home. The boys were all off duty at seven, except Gerry, and often he was allowed to go too. There were frequent discussions in the little back room about the evening's amusement, but unless there was some worthy object in view, Clarence always had a book to finish, a letter to write, or something to hinder his joining the 'harmless larks' in which his mates indulged. He had been to a museum or two, had heard several free lectures, and induced Gerry to take him to the city library, but for larks he had no time.

The boys talked the matter over and pronounced it an uncalled-for assumption of superiority. 'He's got to go where the rest go,' declared Gerry; 'it's time he had the green rubbed off him a little.'

Plans were laid, accordingly, only to fail, until one day a dudish young clerk from an up-town establishment called in to chat with Gerry. 'There was a conference in an undertone, with sidewise glances and meaning smiles; then Gerry stopped Clarence as he was passing and introduced Mr. Depew.

'Come up to my room with the boys tonight, Graham,' said the affable Depew. 'We'll read a while, and chat a while, and "drive dull care away."'

Clarence accepted the invitation, quite pleased at the thought of an evening's read-

ing in pleasant company, for, to tell the truth, he was often lonely in his little den.

Ralph came down that night and was as usual devoted to Gerry, insisting upon going with him when he left the store. For once Gerry did not want him along, but the boy would not be put off, and when the father added, 'Yes, take him along—just so he's back by nine o'clock,' there seemed no other way.

Gerry was to call for Clarence, and on the way he gave Ralph a confidential hint of fun ahead, and a cautious reminder that when he was out among men he must act like a man.

Ralph was ready for anything, and in a few minutes the three were ascending the stairway that led to Depew's room. Sounds of laughter reached them as they paused for a moment in the hall, then the voice of some one reading aloud with great gusto.

'Come on,' said Clarence, always eager for fun; and the door opened upon a group of boys—young men, they called themselves—assembled about a table. Depew was reading from a gaudy-colored paper book, with foot upon the table and chair atilt; the others were dividing attention between the reading and cigarettes in hand or mouth. More boxes were on the table, along with dice and cards, 'Police Gazettes,' and their frequent accompaniment, the bottle.

'Be seated, gentlemen, while I proceed,' said the genial host, and Clarence sank into a chair, surprised, shocked, stunned, as he comprehended the trap into which he had fallen. Some of the faces were strange, but Walter and Fred were there, Carl and Willie, too, already looking pale from their attempts to smoke—and the book!

There was a pause, soon an uproarious laugh, and 'pass 'em around, boys,' sang Depew, as he appropriated a cigarette and passed the box along.

'No, thank you,' said Clarence, feebly. 'I think I'll be excused,' and he made a move to go.

'No you don't. Not much,' said a chorus of voices as three boys stepped between him and the door.

'What's your plea?' demanded Depew.

He had always found some excuse before and now he began stammering what was really the truth: 'I don't feel very well.'

A general shout followed. 'Do tell!' laughed Fred. 'Don't be such a softy,' said Walter; and even Carl, who felt sorry for his friend, put in: 'You'll get used to it, Clarence.'

'Girl boy, is he?' queried Depew.

'Regular Sissy,' said Fred.

'Yes, our Clarie is ging to study theology in a female seminary next year,' cuttingly remarked Gerry.

'Preach us a sermon, Miss Clarical,' said Depew, delighted at his own wit.

Clarence's indignation grew to anger. His face turned red, then white, as that of Willie whose cigarettes had dropped upon the floor. At first he despised the boys who had trapped him; then he despised himself. With that thought his courage rose.

'No, I don't intend to study theology and I'm not going to preach a sermon, but maybe I should be what you call me, if I'm too big a coward to tell you right out that I won't take part in such entertainment—and why I won't.'

He had found his tongue now, and with head erect he faced the boys without flinching.

'Perhaps some of you have mother and sisters at home as I have. I have been taught that amusements that were not fit for them were not fit for me. If that's being a "girl boy" I suppose I'm one. Mother always petted me, just as she did the girls—maybe a little more, because I'm her only boy. She used to read to us, and tell us stories and teach us verses, and taught us what is right and what is wrong—things I can never forget. When I came away, and she took my hand to say good-bye—my hands are big and rough, and red, boys, but she didn't mean that when she said over part of one of those verses:—

'"And my boy's hands are as clean and white,
And his heart is as pure as a girl's tonight."

'If that's being "a girl boy" I'm going to stay one, for I intend to go home with heart and hands as clean as when I came. Good-night, boys.'

No one tried to hinder Clarence as with hat in hand he passed out into the dark hall. There was a hush inside. Hearts were not visible, but every boy involuntarily glanced at his hands. Gerry, especially looked long and earnestly—looked through his absent mother's eyes, and his face crimsoned with shame.

'Better wash 'em, Gerry,' sneered Depew, breaking the silence at last.

'Believe I will,' said Gerry, solemnly, 'Come, Ralph.'

An hour later the Benton boys were organizing a mutual improvement society in Clarence's six by eight den—where laugh and jest and honest fun were sure to have their part. It was the last meeting there however, for Ralph, enthused by his cousin's bravery, told the whole story to his mother.

Clarence soon had a home and a room as good as Ralph's—large enough, too, to hold his boy friends, any and all, who came with clean hands and a pure heart.—'The Kingdom.'

Mrs. Sharpe's Penetration.

('People Own Paper.')

'You saw him yourself, Mrs. Sharpe?'

'Yes, my dear, with my own eyes, and seeing is believing we are told, and a woman of my age and experience is not easily deceived.'

'Well, I am very sorry,' said Mary Barton, 'sorry for the young man's poor wife, and for him, too, one can pity him.

'Pity him! Well, I don't know about that,' said Mrs. Sharpe. 'I should say that a young fellow who came home as this young man did last night deserves a good sound scolding more than pity, and if he were my husband he would get it, I know. Only let me see Reuben come home like this young Wilmore did last night, and I should make matters pretty uncomfortable for him, I can tell you.'

'Then you are sure he had been drinking?'

'Sure? I tell you I saw him crossing the field near his house on his way home. He was walking very unsteadily, and when he reached the stile he stopped and rested against it for two or three minutes.'

'Where were you?'

'Just on the other side of the road, and I might have been at the other end of the village for all the notice he took of me.'

'You didn't speak to him?'

'Not I—one never knows what a man who has been drinking may do or say. No. I just stood there, and presently he pulled himself together a bit, crossed the stile, and went off down the lane to his house. He doesn't look like a man who would give way to drink? Ah! my dear, you can't judge by looks.'

'You are judging by looks, though,' said Mary Barton, smiling; 'you think this poor young fellow looked as if he had been drinking, and so—'

'Looked, my dear! he had been, there is no doubt upon that point—I know what I am talking about. As Reuben says to me sometimes, I am a woman of great penetration.'

'Well, I heartily wish you might find your penetration, as you call it, at fault for once,' said kind-hearted Mary.

'I cannot bear to think that such a nice respectable-looking young fellow should give way like this. Why, it was only on Sunday night my husband and I were saying how happy he and his wife looked together at church, and what two dear little children they had. We had felt inclined to pity them, being, as one might say, strangers among strangers, but they looked so happy together there seemed to be no need to pity them. Well, good-morning, Mrs. Sharpe, I must go in; talking won't do my work, and I have a busy day before me.'

'Good-morning,' said Mrs. Sharpe rather curtly, for she would have liked to linger longer at Mary Barton's gate, or to have been invited to enter her clean, comfortable home; however, she consoled herself with the thought that, if Mary Barton did not wish to gossip about the new comers to the village, she had other friends who would only be too pleased to hear all she could say concerning them, and to their homes she accordingly wended her way.

To each one she told the story of the discovery she had made, and each in her turn repeated it to some one else. Of course, the story lost nothing in the telling, each narrator had her own opinions and views to add to it; and before a week had passed away people who only knew Edward Wilmore, the new tenant of Jessamine Cottage, by sight, had been informed that on account of his drinking habits he was in danger of losing his situation as clerk in a drapery warehouse in the neighboring town, and that he had taken a cottage in the country in order to try to break away from his bad companions.

As often happens, the persons most deeply concerned in the matter heard none of the reports, and when Sunday came they again made their appearance at church, looking cheerful and contented, and accompanied by their two bonny children.

Only some keen observers said the young man looked very pale, and there was a peculiar appearance about his eyes; and when these sharp-sighted individuals met together after the services were over they commented very freely upon what they had seen.

Monday and Tuesday passed by. On the Wednesday morning Mary Barton, looking up from her ironing, saw a cab drive past her house in the direction of the Jessamine Cottage. An hour later the village doctor knocked at her door.

'Mrs. Barton, I know you are a kind-hearted woman,' he said, as he entered, 'you have no little folks to study, so just write a line to explain to your good husband where you have gone, and come along with me, and help that poor little woman down at Jessamine Cottage. They are strangers, you see, they don't know any one in the place. They came out here because the young fellow's doctor, Dr. Willoughby (I know him well) told him that the air here was better for him than in the town, and a long walk daily would do him good.

'He has not been right for some months past, and ought to have taken a rest; but they were busy at the warehouse, where he holds a responsible post, so he would not complain. His head has been troubling him terribly, even his sight has failed him at times. About a week ago, I find, crossing

the field near his house one evening, he could hardly see where he was going, and had to rest at the stile, and then nearly fainted when he got to his house.

'Well, to-day he quite fainted at the warehouse. When he came round one of the partners wanted him to be taken to his house, but he, poor fellow, begged to come home, so one of the men came home with him in a cab. We have got him safely into bed, and there he must stay and keep as quiet as possible if he is to escape brain fever.

'I told his wife I should come and fetch you, for I knew you would keep things straight downstairs for her, and look after those two dear little children while she attends to her husband. Anyhow, I knew you would go until some arrangements could be made.'

'Go, of course I will,' said Mary as the doctor finished his explanation; 'and if Mrs. Wilmore has a sister or any friend she would like to send for to help her, why, I will gladly bring the two children here so as to keep the house quiet for her poor husband. You did right to come for me, sir.'

An hour later found Mary busily employed at Jessamine Cottage, and during her dear husband's three weeks' illness Mrs. Wilmore proved her to be, as she said, 'a friend indeed.' To her she confided all the story there was to tell. How her husband had been for some time past doing not only his own office work but part of a friend's, who had met with an accident.

'His employers offered to get extra help,' she said, 'but Edward felt so certain he could manage. He is so quick and clever, and so much respected at the warehouse. He has been especially good to young fellows who were in danger of being led astray by bad companions. He is a firm abstainer, a true Christian. His mother says a better son never lived, and I am sure a kinder husband or father could not be found anywhere. It is sad to see him lying there so ill and weak, but I believe God will hear and answer our prayers for his recovery.'

Those prayers were answered—the true, noble, unselfish life was spared.

As for Mrs. Sharpe, who had made it her business to publish a statement she could not prove to be true, she felt very uncomfortable when Mary Barton told her the facts of the case.

'See how easy it is to misjudge any one,' Mary said; 'fortunately, Mrs. Wilmore has not heard this village gossip, but if she had how distressed she would have been to know that her good husband had been so unkindly spoken about. My husband says that in dealing with other people it is always best to err on the side of charity, and you know that we have Christ's own words, "Judge not that ye be not judged." It seems to me it is better to follow his teaching, better to think kindly, speak kindly, and act kindly than to be governed by what we are pleased to call our penetration.'

Sister Dora.

In the town of Walsall in England there stands a life-size statue of a woman in the dress of a Sister of Mercy; scissors and pincushion hang from her belt, and in her hands is a bandage. The noble face, full of grand purpose and lofty aims, is itself a sermon of peace and goodwill and an inspiration to noble deeds.

Walsall lies in the heart of 'The Black Country,' where coal mines and manufactories blur the fair face of nature with grime and smoke. Here amid the thousands of ignorant and degraded laborers, Sister Dora, as she was lovingly called, spent thirteen years of her life ministering to wounded and suffering humanity.

Fifty years ago Dorothy Windlow Patterson was a happy, light-hearted girl in a charming home. Her father, a clergyman of the Established Church, was in prosperous circumstances, and his family beyond the need of strict economy; but the daughters were early taught the truth that self-denial for the sake of others is the right way of living. So the girls were always planning to save money for their various charities. They would mend and remend their dresses as long as was consistent with a neat appearance, that the price of new ones might go into their benevolent fund. Often they gave away their dinners, eating bread and cheese themselves, that some of the hungry poor might be fed. They not only gave away food and clothing, but the precious gifts of the heart—tender love and pity for the needy.

Dorothy was a beautiful girl, bright and winsome; but although so attractive, she had no desire to shine in society. When quite young she wanted to join Florence Nightingale's corps of nurses for service in the Crimean War, but on account of her youth and

SISTER DORA.

inexperience her father would not give his consent. The longing of her life, however, was to care for the sick, and this led her to join the sisterhood of the 'Good Samaritans,' an organization existing within the Church of England.

The great number of casualties among the miners and foundrymen at Walsall led to the establishment of a hospital in the town, and 'Sister Dora,' as she was now called, was placed in charge. It was a small affair at first, with only four beds, but the needs of the place led to its rapid enlargement.

Most women would have found the work trying and repulsive to the last degree, but she never wavered nor faltered. The villagers were rude and ignorant, and in the early days of the work violently prejudiced against it. One day a boy seeing her pass along the street, called out, 'There goes one of the Sisters of Mercy,' and threw a stone with such force that it made a cruel cut in her forehead. Sister Dora said nothing but bided her time. Soon after, the lad was brought into the hospital, seriously injured. At once she said: 'That is my boy!' and devoted herself to his case. One day she entered the room and found him crying. He exclaimed, 'Sister, I threw that stone!'

She answered brightly: 'Did you suppose I did not know that? I knew it the very first moment you came in at the door.' It is needless to say that this boy was ever after devoted to her interests.

Accidents of all sorts were constantly occurring, and some of them horrible to the last degree. One day, for example, an explosion took place in the ironworks. The molten iron pouring forth burned twelve workmen so frightfully that they bore little resemblance to human beings. The sight and smell of the wounds made the ward in which the sufferers were laid, intolerable. The physicians, strong men as they were, sickened often, and had to leave. Volunteer helpers came to assist, but were for the most part unable to get beyond the door. Some of the men lingered in agony for ten days. During this time Sister Dora never went to bed and scarcely ever left the ward.

Another instance showing the sublime heroism of the woman was during a small-pox epidemic. A special hospital was established, but it met with decided disfavor until it was announced that Sister Dora would herself take charge. In this dreadful pest-house she remained, often entirely alone, from February until August. Think of the atmosphere laden with pestilence and loathsomeness, and the utterly revolting nature of the disease! No wonder she said she could 'taste the small-pox in her tea.'

It was not strange that these working people came to love her with absolute devotion. At one time a man was brought in whose arm was terribly crushed and twisted. The surgeon insisted upon immediate amputation. The man cried in agony, 'O Sister, save my arm! It is my right arm!' She begged for the chance to try to save it. The surgeon called her crazy, and only consented on condition that she assumed the entire responsibility and blame in case the man died.'

For three weeks she devoted herself to that arm, night and day, praying with every breath as she worked. Her faith triumphed and the arm was saved. During her last sickness this man would walk eleven miles every Lord's Day, ring the door-bell at the hospital, and make the simple inquiry: 'How is Sister to-day?' and on turning away, he would always add: 'Tell her 'twas her arm that rang the bell.'

Amid all the distressing and repulsive elements of her daily life Sister Dora was cheerful and merry. Her faith in God was so absolute that she believed everything she asked for would be given her. The efficacy of prayer was with her an intense belief. Added to this was the strength she drew from a daily study of God's Word. In ministering to bodies she found abundant opportunity to minister to souls, and many stars did she win for her crown of rejoicing.

Sister Dora was gifted with wonderful powers of endurance, but even her matchless strength and will succumbed at length to the exhausting strain of her work. At the age of forty-five the break came, and her physician informed her that life was nearing its close. Her last months were marked by intense suffering. When death was very near she sent every one from the room saying: 'I have lived alone; let me die alone.' And so without human witnesses her soul returned to the Infinite.

Her grave is in a cemetery near workshops and forges that break in with a ceaseless roar on the quiet of the dead. The spot is of her own choosing. Her friends asked her: 'It is noisy there; would you not prefer a quieter place?'

She replied: 'No; I have lived with working people all my life, let me be with them in my death.' Marking her grave is a simple stone with the inscription: Sister Dora. Entered into rest Christmas Eve, 1878.'

About five years after her death the beautiful statue, of which mention has already been made, was unveiled at Walsall. It was a notable occasion, yet the growth and enlargement of the work to which she gave her life is Sister Dora's best and most enduring

monument, and 'being dead, she yet speaketh.'—Sophie Bronson Titterington, in 'Silver Link.'

Ah Foong.

(N. Y. Observer.')

Such a dear, roly-poly boy, with soft brown eyes tilted at the corners! Born in that part of cosmopolitan New York known as Chinatown, of Chinese parents, he was arrayed in full native costume of brightly colored silks, a tiny queue wound about his head, his feet pattering round in the prettiest silk shoes, gaily embroidered. He was a prime favorite among his countrymen, who delight in petting children, particularly boys. His father was a cigar-maker, intelligent and of pleasing manners. For many years he had been a regular attendant at Sunday-school, and though not a professing Christian, he was Americanized and Christianized to a considerable extent. Sunday being his only day of rest, he left school after his marriage and spent the entire day with his little family. After a while he became rather careless, and the lessons written on his mind gradually faded away, and the old heathen ideas came back.

So his little son's birth was celebrated with all the regular Chinese rites, and he was duly named Hong Ah Foong. The first years of his life were uneventfully spent, and one day his father's conscience smote him as he thought of his son growing up in heathenism as truly as if living in far-off Canton. So he took Ah Foong around to a mission near their home, and there our wee friend first learned the wonderful bible stories and the meaning of the pretty pictures which beautified the cheerful room. He was an apt scholar, rapidly learning English, and his father felt very proud when the neighbors called him 'the smartest boy in Chinatown.'

When Ah Foong entered the school, he was four years old, or according to our reckoning, only three, as the Chinese always count the day of ones birth the first birthday, and that makes an extra year, you see.

He had a sweet, soft voice and dearly loved to sing the hymns which he learned at the mission. When he would be at play among his quaint Chinese toys, he would sing in an undertone, sometimes in his own tongue, sometimes in English.

Have you wondered why his mother has been left unnoticed? She was dark and looked like an Indian, and could speak no English. But under her dark skin beat a loving heart, and Ah Foong took great pleasure in teaching his dear mother some of his lessons. She had never heard the story of the blessed Saviour until her baby boy prattled it to her. She was often very lonely in her life of strict seclusion, and his stories and hymns gave her a great deal to think about. Then she began with Ah Foong's help, to study laboriously the red covered reader with its English and Chinese lessons. One day her husband surprised her at her study, and after that his conscience was more troublesome than usual.

But there came a day when the boy was taken very ill, and the home was strangely quiet without the sound of his pattering feet, and his parents and friends waited on the little sufferer with a very sad look on their faces.

A Chinese physician was called in, but he could do nothing, then an American doctor connected with the mission came and did all in his power, but for many long days Ah Foong's life hung in the balance. During all that anxious time, as he restlessly tossed upon his little bed, the busy tongue was ever singing snatches of his favorite hymns or repeating the verses he had learned each week. As the father sat at the bedside with bowed head and heavy heart, the old verses and hymns so long forgotten, touched his heart with peculiar power. And there by the side of their precious boy, he clasped the hand of his heathen wife and prayed God to lead them both into his ways and spare their child's life that all might travel together in God's holy paths.

That heartfelt prayer was graciously answered, and Ah Foong arose from his sick bed, though a mere shadow of his former self. His father profited by the lesson and moved from Chinatown to a neat little flat in Brooklyn. It is quaintly furnished with a strange mixture of Chinese and American furniture, but it is not a heathen home for a family bible is conspicuous on a table over which a richly embroidered cover is laid and a framed engraving of 'The Good Shepherd' hangs between two painted panels.

They are all trying to follow the teaching of the blessed book, and tread in the footprints of the heavenly Shepherd who must sometimes bring back his wandering sheep by a touch of the crook in his hand or by carrying one of the lambs in his arms, for then the sheep will haste and follow, too.—C. Louise Bell.

Mary's Fright.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

'Breakfast at twenty minutes to eight punctually to-morrow, Mary; your master is going by the early train.'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'You were so late when he went by that train a fortnight ago that he had scarcely any breakfast. The mornings are light, there ought to be no difficulty about rising early.'

'No, ma'am; I'll be sure and be punctual. I was very sorry last time;' and Mary's happy looking face clouded over at the recollection.

'You were late in this evening, how was that?' inquired Mrs. West.

'Please, ma'am, grandmother's clock stopped, and the time went so fast I couldn't believe it when the clock struck nine. I came back as fast as I could then, ma'am.'

Mary's conscience smote her as she went upstairs. Her mistress had looked vexed, as well she might, for Mary was constantly late, and always had some excuse ready. She knew very well that the reason she was generally behind time was because of her laziness in the morning. She got up so late that she always had a scramble to get breakfast ready by half-past eight; and many things that ought to have been done before had to be left until after, with the result that she was running after her work all day.

'My master and mistress are so kind that I could do anything for them,' Mary would sometimes say; but she was like many others who fancy they would like to do much that is not required of them, but who consider their plain duty irksome and disagreeable, and so neglect it.

But Mary was feeling far too happy to allow her thoughts to dwell long on an unpleasant subject. She had met for the first time that evening one whom she had often heard spoken of in the highest terms, and had long wished to see—Arthur Bailey, the son of her grandmother's foster child.

Mary had not been without her share of notice from young men in the village, which had, however, made little or no impression upon her; but to-night every pleasant word and kindly attention from Arthur was vividly remembered, while the admiration which he felt for her, and which she had been quick to detect, was so respectful that it aroused her self-esteem, and she felt that she was no longer a light-hearted girl merely, but a woman, who wished to be worthy of a good man's love, and wise enough to retain his esteem.

But these thoughts were not conducive to sleep, and when Mary awoke a little before six, after a few hours of fitful slumber, she was so tired that she determined to have just five minutes more. Minutes spent thus are deceptive, and when, after what seemed to be 'no time at all,' she was aroused with a start by some sound outside, she found to her dismay that it was twenty minutes past seven. To attempt to get breakfast ready in time was hopeless. Presently Mrs. West heard a tap at her door. There stood Mary.

'Please, ma'am, I've overslept myself, what shall I do about master's breakfast?'

Mrs. West was too much vexed to reply. Her husband was not strong, and to go out in the keen easterly wind without his breakfast would be sure to give him a cold. With great difficulty she persuaded him to wait for his usual train.

'Have you heard of the smash-up?' inquired the butcher boy of Mary, some time after her master had started.

'Smash up! No,' replied Mary. 'What do you mean?'

'There's been an accident to the 9.15 train. An awful one. No end of people killed,' he added, piling up the agony, as he saw Mary's horrified look.

'Gracious! And master went by that train all through me,' gasped Mary.

'Did he though! I believe I heard 'em say some such name as his was one of——'

But Mary heard no more, for she fainted right away; and the boy, seeing what he had done, rang the bell violently and went off, leaving his victim lying on the garden path, where her mistress almost immediately found her.

Before Mary was restored to consciousness a telegram arrived from Mr. West, saying that he was quite safe, and the messenger assured Mrs. West that the accident was a slight one, nobody being seriously injured.

Mary's fright was not without its effect. From that time punctuality was her strong point, which caused an extra amount of comfort in the house that was quite surprising.

'I had no idea that getting up early was of such consequence,' Mary said one day to her grandmother. 'I always have time for everything now, without any bustle or worry. You can't think how nice it is.'

'You may be sure it's of consequence, my dear, for it's one of the duties mentioned in the Bible. There's an account of a good woman and the things she does, and early rising's one of them. You should read about her, Mary, there's much you'd do well to copy. It's in the last chapter of Proverbs.'

So Mary read about the virtuous woman, until she got the passage by heart, and, better still, until she got it in her heart. And when, three years afterwards, she married Arthur Bailey, making him, as he declared, 'the happiest man in the world,' her good husband had cause to rejoice, for he was blessed with a wife whose price was far above rubies; while Mrs. West declared that in losing Mary she lost a treasure.

FANNY WALLER.

The newspapers significantly report at the end of a month of special revival in Boston that the liquor-dealers of the city are complaining seriously because business is bad. May it grow worse, until every saloon door has been shut by the gospel.—'Golden Rule.'

Happy in Doing Right.

'Nellie, will you take care of little sister for an hour? I want to go out and see a sick neighbor.'

It was mamma who asked the favor.

For just one moment there came a frown on Nellie's face.

It made her look very unattractive.

'O, mamma! Ruth's coming to go over with me to Elsie's to see Susie's kittens. They've got new ones. Four.'

TAKING CARE OF SISTER.

'What time is Ruth coming?' said mamma.

'About four o'clock.'

'Well, I hope to be back by that time, and then you can go.'

But before this the frown was all gone. Nellie had remembered that she was trying very hard to please the dear Saviour who loved her so. And she knew that the way to please him is not by trying to please ourselves.

'I would do it anyway, mamma,' she said, gently.

'I am sure you would, my dear,' said mamma, kissing the two as she hurried away.

Little Patty had not been well; it was not easy to please her. Nellie tried her very best. She told her stories. She sang to her. She showed her pictures and brought flowers for her.

It seemed a long hour before Ruth came. And then—mamma had not come.

'O, Ruth! I can't go.'

'You must,' said Ruth. 'Elsie says those kittens are just lovely. One white, and one gray, and one black, and one spotted. And she says Susie's going to give away all but one.'

'Oh! I wish I could have one,' said Nellie.

'I'm going to ask her for one. I want to hurry so I can have my pick. Of course I'd choose the white one.'

The very one Nellie would have chosen.

A few tears came as Ruth hurried away. Very likely all the kittens would be gone before she could get there.

But she still tried to be gentle with the teasing little sister, and had coaxed her to sleep in her arms by the time mamma came.

What was that peeping from mamma's shawl? A tiny white furry face with bright eyes.

'O, my darling!' said mamma, 'I am sorry I have been so long. But I heard that Susie was giving away her kittens, so I went round that way to get you one.'

Don't you think Nellie was happy as she fondled the pretty thing?

Don't you think any little girl would have been?

But don't you think she would have been happy in doing right even without the kitten mother brought her?—Sydney Dayre, in 'Sunbeam.'

Their First Teetotal Lecture.

It had been a long day, and Maggie and Walter were tired of themselves and everything else. 'Everything had been horrid,' as Maggie expressed it. First of all, just when they had planned a picnic on the river for that very afternoon, what should befall but a telegram the day before, summoning mother back to town from the country lodgings where they were spending a week's holiday. Aunt Jane was sick, and wanted Mother to come at once.

'She might have done without you,' pouted Maggie, as they stood watching their mother getting ready for her journey. 'I dare say there's nothing the matter with Aunt Jane. She's just a fidgety old thing.'

'And she's spoiled all our picnic and everything,' Walter chimed in. 'I hate aunts, and I wish there were none of them.'

'You don't think that at birthday and Christmas times,' observed his mother, looking up from her rug-strapping; 'and it isn't very kind of you children to be so cross with poor Auntie for happening to be ill in your holidays. I know it is a disappointment, and I am very sorry; still, cheer up, my dears, Aunt Jane may be better in a day or two, and I won't stay a moment longer than I can help. You must just amuse yourselves as best you can, and we'll have the picnic when I come back.'

So Mrs. Dale departed, and Mag-

gie and Walter found life very flat for a while after she was gone. But the weather was fine, and they managed through the first day not so badly. The next was the dreadful one. It poured, and they could not go out, and they spent the weary hours watching the rain drip, drip into the pools in the street beneath the window. At four o'clock, however, something happened to break the monotony of the day. A telegraph boy came to the door, and gave a sharp rat-tat on Mrs. Crump's knocker.

'It's for us, I know,' shrieked Maggie, flying downstairs, with Walter close behind. 'It is, "Mrs. Dale to Miss Dale, Ivy Cottage, Reedmoor. Coming 5.45 train. Meet me at station."'

'Hurrah!' shouted Walter, as soon as the children grasped the message. 'Let's start right away, Peggie.'

'Eh, what — you'll never go to meet your ma in this rain?' protested Mrs. Crump, who had now arrived, broom in hand, in the passage.

'Of course we will. We've got umbrellas, and Mag. has her cloak, and we're not sugar. We'll not melt with a little rain.'

'Maybe no, but I'm not going to have folks settin' out to walk three miles in this weather,' Mrs. Crump returned with a decided nod. 'Your ma wouldn't thank me, I know. She didn't know what kind of a day we were havin' when she sent that there telegraph.'

'Oh, Mrs. Crump,' cried Maggie despairingly, 'do let us! We won't catch cold, and we're so tired of being indoors. Do, dear Mrs. Crump!'

And the children coaxed so piteously that at last Mrs. Crump relented.

'Well, well,' she said, 'you can't say I didn't do my best to stop you anyhow, if harm comes of it. Put on your things, then, if you will go, and I'll give you each a glass of something hot, before you start, to keep the cold out.'

This last remark the children could hardly be said to hear, as they were already half-way upstairs; but when they once more appeared equipped for their walk, they encountered Mrs. Crump in the passage with a tray on which were two glasses.

'Here, my dears,' she said (being really a kind woman). 'You drink this off.'

'What is it?' asked Maggie, suspiciously, eyeing the tray. Maggie always connected wine glasses with castor oil and such other disagreeables.

'This? My own port negus, Miss Maggie, and right prime it is, I warrant you. My Tom'd give his ears for a sip, if he knew there was any going.'

'Then he can have it all and welcome,' said Walter, stoutly. 'We're temperance children, Mrs. Crump. We don't want any negus, thank you.'

'Though it was very kind of you to get it for us,' Maggie added politely, to save Mrs. Crump's feelings; 'but you see, we know our mother wouldn't allow us to have it. She thinks people would all be happier if they drank nothing but water.' And with that the children unfurled their umbrellas, and trudged off, leaving Mrs. Crump in much amazement.

'Well I never!' she exclaimed. 'Not let them drink negus! they'll get their death o' cold or my name's not Sally Crump.'

However, the children did not get their death. They reached the station just in time; their mother smilingly signalling them from her carriage window as the train drew up.

'Well, children, you deserve something for coming out in such a day,' she said. 'Aunt Jane is quite better, and has sent a splendid cake, "for her temperance nephew and niece,"' she said. 'It will be just the thing for our picnic.'

'And we are real temperance people this time,' observed Walter. 'We've been tempted to break our pledge, but we didn't do it.' And he told Mrs. Dale about Mrs. Crump and the negus, at which their mother laughed.

'So instead of a water picnic you gave a teetotal lecture,' she said. 'Well, I hope, Walter, you may live to give many another, and as it is dry now, I hope the picnic will come off to-morrow.'

Which it did.—'Adviser.'

One Leisure Hour.

A few years ago two poor boys from the old town of Plymouth, Mass., went down to a lonely part of the coast to gather a certain seaweed from the rocks, which when bleached and dried is sold as Irish moss, for culinary purposes. The boys lived in a little hut on the beach; they went out before dawn to gather or prepare the moss, which had to be wet with salt water many times, and spread out in the sun until it was thoroughly whitened. They had one hour each day free from work. One of them spent it lying on the sand asleep. The other had brought out his books and studied for that hour, trying to keep up with his schoolmates.

Fifteen years after, the first boy, now a middle-aged man, was still gathering moss on the coast near Plymouth.

The second emigrated to Kansas, became the leading man in a new settlement, and became a wealthy, influential citizen.

'No matter what was my work,' he said lately, 'I always contrived to give one hour a day to my education. This is the cause of my success in life.'

A similar story is told of the president of one of the largest manufacturing firms in Pennsylvania. When he was a boy of sixteen he was a blacksmith's assistant at a forge in the interior of the state. There were three other men employed at the forge.

'I will not always be a blacksmith; I will be a machinist,' said the lad. 'I mean to study arithmetic at night as a beginning.' Two of the men joined him; the other went to the tavern. After a year they found work in iron mills, at the lowest grade of employment, and made their way up, invariably giving a part of every evening to study. Each of these three men now holds a high position in a great manufacturing establishment.—'Sunday-School Herald.'

Little Folks in Sunday-School.

When little folks are in Sunday-school,
They must not laugh or chatter
They must obey the order rule,
And make no noise or clatter.

They must not prink and fix their clothes,
Nor fidget in their places;
But sit in neat and quiet rows,
With sweet and reverent faces.

They must not whisper during prayers;
Nor stare about while singing;
For Jesus in their midst is there,
His precious blessing bringing.

'Let little children come to me,'
He says, 'and round me gather;
For they shall in my kingdom be
When I am with my Father.'
—'Picture World.'

TEMPERANCE

The Primary Catechism on Beer.

LESSON X.

MEDICAL USE OF BEER.

(By Julia Colman, National Temperance Society, New York.

Q.—Is beer much used as a medicine?

A.—It is, both when prescribed by physicians and when people prescribe it for themselves.

Q.—What are some of its effects?

A.—It often makes the patient feel better and eat his food with greater relish.

Q.—Does it really give strength?

A.—It cannot, for it is not nutritious.

Q.—Why does the patient feel better after taking it?

A.—Through the deceitful effects of the alcohol.

Q.—How does beer affect digestion?

A.—It spoils the gastric juice and hardens the food, and so hinders digestion.

Q.—What fact shows that it does no real good?

A.—The fact that the dose must be continued.

Q.—Why should temperance people shun beer as a medicine?

A.—Because it so often deceives and leads them astray.

Q.—Does this medical use of beer beget the alcoholic appetite?

A.—It does, the same as if it were any other alcoholic drink.

Q.—What other mischief comes from the free recommendation of beer by physicians?

A.—It makes the people believe that beer is wholesome.

Turn and Live.

But if these words should come, though at the ends of the earth, to any fallen man, let me say to him:—Be the exception to the general rule, and turn and live, while I recall to you a scene in England, where some one said to an inebriate, as he was going out of church where there was a great awakening, 'Why don't you sign the pledge?' He answered, 'I have signed it twenty times, and will never sign it again.' 'Why, then,' said the gentleman talking to him, 'don't you go and kneel at that altar, amid those other penitents?' He took the advice and went and knelt. After a while a little girl, in rags and soaked with the rain, looked in the church door, and some one said, 'What are you doing here, little girl?' She said, 'Please, sir, I heard as my father is here. Why, that is my father up there kneeling now.' She went up and put her arms around her father's neck, and said, 'Father, what are you doing here?' and he said, 'I am asking God to forgive me.' Said she, 'If he forgives you will we be happy again?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'Will we have enough to eat again?' 'Yes, my dear.' 'And will you never strike us again?' 'No, my child.' 'Wait here,' said she, 'till I go and call mother.' And soon the child came with the mother, and the mother, kneeling beside her husband, said, 'Save me, too! Save me, too!' And the Lord heard the prayers at that altar, and one of the happiest homes in England is the home over which that father and mother now lovingly preside. So, if in this sermon I have warned others against a dissipated life, with the fact that so few return after they have gone astray, for the encouragement of those who would like to return, I tell you God wants you to come back, every one of you, and to come back now, and more tenderly and lovingly than any mother ever lifted a sick child out of a cradle, and folded it in her arms, and crooned over it a lullaby, and rocked it to and fro, the Lord will take you up and fold you in the arms of his pardoning love.

'There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea.
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.'

—Rev. De Witt Talmage.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE CHIEF JUSTICE KAY—1822—
(Now Judge of the Court of Appeal.)

A long experience as a county magistrate, and my experience as a judge upon the North-eastern Circuit, twice, and upon this circuit, have quite convinced me that I am speaking within the mark when I say that if the people of this country would be weaned from the fatal habit of drinking, crime would be diminished one-half.—Liverpool, 1881.

In any endeavor to reduce the amount of crime the first thing to be done is to ascertain the cause of crime. One cause we all know very well. Most crimes of violence in this country result from the fatal vice of drunkenness, and anything that can be invented to prevent people indulging in that vice will at once diminish the crime of this country very much indeed.

Of course drunkenness is not the only cause of crime. There are other classes of crime—shameful crime, of which, alas! on these Northern Circuits one has only too many examples. Such cases are not always the result of drink, though often they are.

I am very glad to hear—it has been told me since I have been on this circuit this time—that the vice of drunkenness, there is good hope to believe, is diminishing, and one of the circumstances which make people think so is the success of the coffee taverns and temperance houses in the large towns.—Manchester, 1883.

The 'Daily Graphic' recently sent a special correspondent to write upon the prevalence of drinking in Liverpool. The frightful hold of the evil is almost indescribable. Very little children are sent for the drink; but the Sunday morning crowd, waiting for the doors to open, is said to be a fearful sight. Those who know the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool will be struck with the frequency with which the name of Walker appears in these sketches of degraded Liverpool. One journal remarks that the cost of the art gallery given by this great brewer must have been very great if human beings have any value.

(Fourth Quarter.

LESSON V.—October 31.

Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.

Acts xxvii., 13-26. Read Chapter xxvii.

Commit vs. 21-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.—Acts xxvii., 25.

Home Readings.

M. Acts xxvii., 1-26.—Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.
T. Acts xxvii., 27-44.—'They escaped all safe to land.'
W. Matt. viii., 18-27.—'The winds and the sea obey him.'
Th. Ps. xci., 1-16.—'Surely he shall deliver thee.'
F. Ps. cvii., 21-43.—'He bringeth them out of their distresses.'
S. Ps. cxv., 1-18.—'Our God is in the heavens.'
S. Ps. xlvi., 1-11.—'Though the waters thereof roar.'

Lesson Story.

A certain Alexandrian ship sailing to Italy from Lycia, in Asia Minor, during the autumn of the year 60, A.D., carried two hundred and seventy-six persons. We know who some of these were. There was the captain of the ship, probably also the owner, (vs. 11), a Roman military officer named Julius, and a number of sailors, soldiers and prisoners. Chief among the latter was the missionary Paul, and two friends accompanied him, probably as attendants, namely Luke and Aristarchus. The soldiers and the prisoners had the first part of the journey in another ship, there was no direct route between Syria and Italy. On account of an adverse wind, the vessel they were now on sailed to the south of Crete instead of taking the shorter passage north of it. And at Fair Havens Paul warned them that the voyage would be a dangerous one, but the captain was persuaded by others to push on to Phenice, only about fifty miles distant, which would be a better harbor in which to pass the stormy season. They therefore set sail intending to keep close by the shore, but a sudden wind, such as often comes down from the high mountains of Crete, drove the ship helpless before it, and after two weeks of tempest and darkness the ship was wrecked on the island of Malta, all the passengers, however, escaping with their lives. But during the terrible time when all hope was given up, and no one had cared even to eat for some days, Paul stood forth and reminding them that he had been right before, gave them another prophecy, a message this time of cheer: 'There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul, thou must stand before Caesar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.'

Lesson Hymn.

When storms around are sweeping,
When lone my watch I'm keeping,
Mid fires of evil falling,
Mid tempter's voices calling,
Remember me, O Mighty One.

When walking on life's ocean
Control its raging motion;
When from its dangers shrinking,
When in its dark deeps sinking,
Remember me, O Mighty One.

When weight of sin oppresses,
When dark despair distresses;
All through the life that's mortal
And when I pass death's portal,
Remember me, O Mighty One.

Lesson Hints.

The twenty-seventh chapter of Acts considered merely as a story, is one of the most interesting and dramatic in the bible, or, indeed, in ancient literature. Read the first eight verses very carefully with a map.

'Euroclydon'—an east wind raising great waves. The revised reading is Euraquilo, which means the east-north-east wind of the Mediterranean, now called the Levanter.

'Clauda' or 'Cauda'—a small island about twenty-five miles south of Crete.

'Undergirding the ship'— passing ropes and chains under it and fastening them tightly to lessen the danger of springing a leak.

'Neither sun nor stars.'—They could not tell in which direction they were going when they could not see the sun or stars, for the mariner's compass was not then in use.

'Thou must be brought before Caesar.'—Paul had previously been told in a vision that he must 'bear witness also at Rome.' Paul had had 'a great desire these many years' to visit the Church in Rome.

'Be of good cheer.'—God's declaration of his purposes towards us brings joy usually to those who serve him, and often also to others.

Search Questions.

Tell four other bible stories about the sea, giving references.

Primary Lesson.

Paul was in a ship at last, going to the greatest city in the world. It took a long time to go anywhere in those days, and besides sailing was dangerous in winter. Paul's ship was caught in a great storm and the people were all so afraid of being drowned they eat nothing for several days. Now we have found before that when Paul was in great danger God sometimes comforted him by speaking to him in a vision. So one night while the ship was tossing about Paul's comfort came. An angel told him that he would not die because God wanted him to speak at Rome, and the other people would be kept alive, too, though the ship would be wrecked on an island. So he cheered up the others by telling them this. When God comforts us we ought always to try to comfort others.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.' 'Fierce was the wild billow.' 'Light in the darkness, sailor.' 'We are out on the ocean sailing.'

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

Acts xxvii., 13-26.

We must trust in God as much as if he did everything and left us nothing to do. On the other hand we must work as hard as if everything depended on our own exertions. Verses 16-19.

'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' When we are worn by pain or sorrow he sends one of his messengers to comfort us. Verses 20-22.

When God says, 'Fear not,' it is sinful to be afraid. When he says, 'Be of good cheer,' it is a sin to be despondent. Verses 23 to 25.

The Lord sometimes gives us a little glimpse of the future, in order to strengthen our faith. Verse 26. Also Acts xxiii., 11.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Oct. 31.—Trust Christ—for what?—II. Tim. 1, 1-12.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Oct. 31.—Right and wrong ways of using money.—Luke xvi., 19-25.

Substitutes For God.

After all, the great aim of the Sunday-school teacher is to make God a living reality to the young minds and hearts that are given him to train—God the Saviour, God the Master, God the dearest and best of friends. Everything will be lost if they enter on a life from which he is absent—a life of atheism and idolatry.

For atheism and idolatry are not such rare or remote things as sometimes we suppose. Great multitudes of men and women whom we know and love are governed by no better creed. The children must be delivered from the practical godlessness, the daily indifference to our father and our judge, the worship of gods many and lords many, with which our nation, fondly calling itself Christian, is filled from Land's End to John o' Groats. To them as to Faber in his boyhood, God must be a 'Presence felt the livelong day, a welcome fear at night.'

If we ask ourselves what are some of the modern substitutes for God against which we must put our young charges on their guard, we shall find ourselves confronted by a whole pantheon of false deities, some of them ugly and repulsive, but many invested with much witchery and glamor and with an ensnaring and alluring beauty. Those who would overcome their enchantments will need to be possessed by a new affection which in its intensity and vigor defeats every onslaught that is made upon it. It is not merely that sin presents itself to those who are entering on life in the gorgeous colors which imagination paints, and with the promise of a thousand luscious enjoyments and pleasures. Nor is it merely that, growing up in an age that seems given over to the pursuit of gain and the amassing of material riches, our children are apt only too soon to catch the infection and to join in the eager and unscrupulous race for wealth. These idols of the flesh and the market they can scarcely avoid meeting; they will be sorely tempted to fall down and do reverence at their shrines; and the teacher who understands their peril and who loves their souls will be certain to warn them against foes so crafty and so dangerous.

But there are divinities that, by their very merit and apparent goodness, may do more subtle harm, insinuating themselves into that supreme place in the heart which was never meant for them, and which only our God and his Christ ought to occupy.

Ours is a time in which work, honestly done and carried to a successful issue, is held in high and just esteem; and, for this very reason, it is to be feared that there are vast numbers who have no better deity than the toil of their hands and brain. It rouses them in the morning. It absorbs them during the day. It intrudes into their dreams at night. Their loftiest ambition is to deserve association with the world-famous violin-maker of Cremona in his proud boast; for

'Antonio Stradivari has an eye
That winces at false work and loves the true.'

Or, to turn to another snare, was intellectual culture ever so run after as she is to-day? We are the heirs of a wealthy heritage, and we do well to turn it to the best account. Yet it may happen with us as with Augustine—we may have our backs to the light, while our faces are towards the things enlightened; and then our faces themselves will still be wrapped in shadow and gloom.

And, side by side with work and culture, stand other idols, winsome to see, and throwing their spells over very many. There are thousands, for example, who live wholly for those who love them. 'Her memory is to me a religion,' Mr. John Stuart Mill said, with mournful wistfulness and pathos, of the wife who was gone from him; and he did not lift his despairing eyes to greet the Elder Brother who remained—Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. Nobler and holier still than hearth and home is the Christian Church. To some it is the sublimest object of adoration that they know. But if it shut out the living God, if it usurp the throne of the one Redeemer and Lord of guilty men, it will prove our harm and ruin rather than our salvation.

Not the satisfaction of work, nor the fascination of culture, nor the ineffable delights of friendship and love, nor the august ceremonies and ordinances of the church: to none of these are we to counsel the children to give the deepest loyalty of their hearts, but to God himself—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—who is greater and better than them all. Each of them has its proper place. But he is the 'Summum Bonum,' the 'Sweetness never-failing, sweetness, happy and secure.' Just as we set him above our highest joy, will the subordinate blessings yield us all the benefit they are fitted to impart. To God let us consecrate ourselves, spirit and soul and body. To God let it be our longing and our labor to lead young lives entrusted to our care.—S. S. 'Chronicle.'

HOUSEHOLD.

High Up And Low Down.

That is what a mother must be, and therein arises the sense of conflicting duties which we mothers suffer so much from. The physical needs, the mental helps and the spiritual aids we long to give our darlings, make 'mothering' a high duty and lowly occupation, in which the most able and intellectual woman finds all her powers taxed to their full limit. Even then she looks longingly beyond at the more that might be done, as she begins each new day with the wish that it could give her three times as many hours to work in.

To these earnest mothers my words are addressed, and the text of my short articles is this: 'Something must be crowded out.' Do not let that something be either your own health or cheerfulness, for a sick or sad mother is a blight on the children. If work presses, set the children at work to help; the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' was meant for them as well as for you, and many a good woman brings up her children in utter selfishness so far as she, herself, is concerned. Teach them to appreciate all you do for them, and to be willing and anxious to help in the home making; yet be always ready to receive their confidences, especially the boys, for they need your help. Do not check them even if they tell you of foul language and filthy practices. The best antidote to that poison is the grave warning and wise advice of a good mother, and you will know which of their companions are corrupt and can gently guide your little lad to purity and virtue.

One of the hardest tasks a woman has to do is to be wise and loving and highminded when she aches with physical weariness, yet of all the work to be done in the world there is none so wonderful in the results achieved as the work of good mothers; they work on the living future. Day by day, their thoughts, their opinions, their wishes, are stamped into the soft natures of their children, to solidify with the swiftly passing years. Let us, then, give good heed to our work while it is in hand; if it be arduous, so shall it be glorious; if it be wearing, so shall the end thereof be peace and joy; if it be sometimes sorrowful, let us hold fast to truth and remember 'sorrow endureth but for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Let us not forget 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,' and that the best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman,' and, above all, let us not worry, for worry kills ten women where work kills one. 'Work while the day is shining,' and at night tuck the little ones in their warm beds, 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord,' and rest, O, happy mother, whose little ones are with thee, gifts of God, thine to love, to lead, and to uplift; and rest thou, too, O blessed mother, whose darlings, gone before, draw thy listening soul nearer to the gates ajar, whence come the echoes of their angel voices!—Mary Hume Dougine, in 'The Housekeeper.'

Meals Between Times.

It is doubtful whether we women eat enough to supply strength counterbalancing the waste of tissue which our busy lives make inevitable. Few of us bring good appetites to our breakfast tables, and most of us know the aversion which one feels in the early day to such substantial fare as chops and steak, or hot griddle cakes, however delicately prepared. The course of fruit, followed by a well-cooked cereal, oatmeal, or wheatlet, this preceding an egg, and the whole finished by a bit of toast and a cup of tea or coffee is the breakfast which nearly all women like best.

We will suppose this breakfast taken at seven o'clock, or at half-past seven, because when men go to business and children to school, and a single maid, or at most, two maids compose the household staff, breakfast cannot be late. Personally, I prefer a late to an early breakfast, and when women are past their first youth, think that whenever it is practicable they should start life's wheels very gently in the morning. A cup of hot milk, slightly sprinkled with salt, with a cracker, if taken while dressing, will do away with the feeling of goneness which is a peculiarly distressing accompaniment of the early morning. Then, a later breakfast, taken at leisure, is a comfort and a luxury.

But when one cannot do what one would, one must do the best the circumstances permit. For many women, their place is at the breakfast table in the early morning, and they cannot eat much then, and therefore ought to supplement the meal with something else by-and-by.

About eleven o'clock, a cup of cocoa and a piece of bread and butter, or else a glass of milk and a biscuit, will give the needed nourishment, and renew the strength which is beginning to wane. This is often a real necessity, too, to children, and while constant nibbling is not to be allowed, delicate little people, or sturdily growing and forever hungry boys should have a refection midway between breakfast and noon. This does not interfere with the one o'clock meal, which should be a hearty and substantial affair, including meat and a vegetable or two, crackers, cheese, and dessert. If people like pies, let them fill the dessert course at luncheon rather than at the six o'clock or the seven o'clock dinner, which, by the way, should never be a meal for children, whose most important repast ought to come in the middle of the day, unless school hours prevent. In the latter case, children should have their dinner not later than five o'clock.

At half-past four or five, when the tea things are brought in, the pretty cups and saucers, the shining copper or silver teapot, the thin biscuits, wafers, or sponge-cake, the family and any informal visitors who happen in, may have a pleasant hour of talk and refreshment to soul and body. Nobody who acquires the habit of afternoon tea ever willingly gives it up, and it does not, in the least, take from the appetite for dinner. On the contrary, the little fillip given the nerves by the five o'clock tea brings one with better heart to the most formal function of the day, the dinner, when labors are over and the household gathered at ease with plenty of time to enjoy a meal.

Last of all, the cup of hot milk or bouillon, just before retiring, are to be recommended, and, when pursued by insomnia, fight that fiend with a crisp cracker or a crust of bread. I think that to eat often and not too much at once is a golden rule for women and children.—Aunt Marjorie, in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

An Ideal Kitchen.

We all know that when a woman does her own work she must necessarily spend half her days in the kitchen. Yet how few kitchens are fit to sit in. Not an easy chair for a tired mortal to sink into, not a book or paper, not a picture on the wall, not a flower in the window.

Let me tell you of a kitchen with a broad side to the south, where, if there is sunshine anywhere, it will shine into two big windows. There is a window looking east, and a window and glass door toward the north for coolness and comfort in the hot weather. The walls are painted a pretty pale tint, and there are pictures, shelves and brackets. The floor is painted and covered with nice, warm rugs, not with uninviting oilcloth, which gives one the shivers to look at, to say nothing of standing half a day with feet on such cold material.

A big, old lounge stands in one corner, with pillows, covered with pretty and serviceable denim. There are footstools, cushions and easy chairs. Here is a writing desk, where the housewife of a literary turn can jot down a few ideas while the pies brown or the potatoes boil. There is a nice broad table upon which plain sewing and the weekly mending basket held forth. Blooming plants show in all the windows, and in one swings a merry little canary.

The dishes, pots and pans have a little room all their own, called by common courtesy a pantry. The housewife washes the dishes here and kneads the bread. The wood, coal and cobs are stored away in another little room called a wood shed, where is the cistern pump and the dripping well. Opening off the woodshed is a small room with an old cook stove; this is the laundry, and here fruits are preserved and jellies made.

There is a roomy porch on the south side of the kitchen, enclosed with wire screen, where hangs a big, comfortable hammock, with a generous supply of pillows. A table, a few easy chairs and a box or two of blooming flowers in summer complete the furnishings. Not a fly is allowed to intrude in the porch or kitchen, all is orderly, neat, sweet and complete.

Let us have comforts in the kitchen. Let it be a room in which we need not be ashamed to invite a caller who may drop in for an informal chat, while the bread is baking or fruit stewing—both of which require constant attention. Let the kitchen be a pleasant room and work will lose half its irksomeness.—Nettie Pierce Milholland, in 'Housekeeper.'

Selected Recipes

Oatmeal Breakfast Cake.—Take one quart of Canada oatmeal, says a Western paper, wet with one quart of cold water, and pour it into a baking tin, so that it will stand half an inch deep. Shake down level and bake in a hot oven half an hour, or until it is crisp and brown on the surface. Cut quickly into two-inch squares and serve hot.

Waffles.—Mix at night, one pint of milk, one-fourth of a yeast cake, one pint of flour and one-half teaspoonful of salt. In the morning add one tablespoonful of melted butter and two eggs. Bake quickly in a hot waffle iron. Serve with maple syrup. If a little of the batter is left it can be enlarged, following the proportions of the rule, and cooked the next morning.

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